

A TRVE  
DESCRIPTION  
of vnthankful-  
nesse :

Or an enemie to Ingratitude.

*Compiled by Nicholas Bre-  
ton Gent.*



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M.

MORE worth then Vertue, can no creature know,  
A Phanix in the world there is but one:  
Rare is the Bird, and though there be no mo,  
Yet may you finde hir when you are alone.

G.

GREAT is the Grace that in the spirit liueth,  
And such a life is worthy honors loue:  
The perfect good that heau'nly mercie giueth,  
Elected Virgins in the heau'ns above.



To the Right VVorship-  
full, Vertuous, and Noble minded  
Gentlewoman, Mistris Mary Gate, Daughter to  
that true worthie Knight of Honorable remem-  
braunce Sir Henry Gate of Semer. N. B.  
wislheth all happinesse on Earth  
and Heauen heere-  
after.



*Vertuous minde can not bee without hir  
honor, nor, an vngratesfull spirit without  
a burthen of Conscience: the first in your  
selfe is made manifest to many, the second, in  
my selfe, I wish not to liue to bee touched  
with, but yet, not able to requite those your  
Honourable fauours that I haue receiued yet vnderferued,  
gine mee leaue in this little fruit of my labour, to present  
you with this token of my thankfulnessse, wherein treating  
onely of the vile Nature of Ingratitude, I hope not to bee  
found guiltie in that offence. And so, wishing you your de-  
sert of Honour, of the best mindes, and the vngratesfull,  
the plague of an vnquiet Conscience, or amendement of their  
euill conditions, in continuall prayer for your harts euer  
Contentment, I rest.*

*Yours bounden to command*

*Nicholas Breton.*

## To the Reader.



EE that is vnthankfull for a good  
turne, sheweth the venime of a vile  
Nature, and hee that is kindly grate-  
full, is worthie to bee beeloued : if  
you bee of the last condition, I com-  
mend you, if of the first, God amend you : What  
you are I know not, but I hope the best, the  
worst I desire not to heare off. And therefore, in  
brieft, the Treatise beeing short, I will not trou-  
ble you to long, but as I finde your kindnesse,  
will rest in thankfulnessse.

Your friend  
Nicholas Breton.



## Ingratis seruire Nefas.



O F all the sinnes that euer raign'd,  
Since wickednesse hir world began:  
That Natures beautie most hath stain'd,  
Within the wretched hart of Man:  
And neereft doth to hell allude,  
Is that of fowle Ingratitude.

It kills the Eie of Reasons sight,  
With fowle obliuions foggy mists:  
And makes the spirit to delight,  
But in the harmes of had I wists:  
And mires the soule in sinnes fowle flud,  
While lack of grace, can see no good.

It studies onely to destroie,  
A gentle spirit with despight:  
And knowes no part of Heauenly ioy,  
That pleads so in the Diuels right:  
It is a hagge, that heauens doe hate,  
And, dwels, but with the Reprobate.

It bringeth soorth such shamefull Euill,  
Out of the shamelesse wicked minde:  
As by suggestion of the Diuell,  
Makes Nature goe against hir kinde:  
When Men that should bee Vertues friends,  
Become but Machauilian fiends.

B.iiij.

There

## *An Enemie*

There is no thought can bee so vile,  
Nor word can sound so ill a worth :  
Nor cursed state, so ill a stile,  
As can Ingratitude set foorth:  
Which was the curse of Adams seede,  
And neuer since did better deede.

VVhere it doth once infect the hart,  
The Sonne doth wish the Fathers death :  
The Wife doth seeke the Husbands mart,  
The Brother stops the Sisters breath :  
The Neighbour, and the neereſt friend,  
Will plot each others speedy end.

It makes the Seruant to forget,  
His duty to his Maiſters loue :  
The Subiect all his wits to ſet,  
Rebellion to his Prince to proue :  
The Villaine for a Comfortlent,  
For to bectraie the Innocent.

It maketh Man forget his God,  
In whom alone hee hath his beeing :  
His Comfort and his Mercies Rod,  
Whereof his Soule can haue no ſeeing :  
Vntill to late in hell he findes,  
How God doth hate vngratefull mindes.

Oh

*to Ingratitude.*

Oh what it doth, or doth it not?  
That may agrieue an honest minde:  
To see the power that Sinne hath got,  
Vpon the curse of humane kinde:  
While Comfort, Kindnesse, Care, and Cost,  
Vpon vnthankfulnesse are lost.

Oh Hellish Worme, that eates the wombe,  
Wherein it lay, to looke abroade:  
And plots the Meane to make his Tombe,  
Whose house had beene his chiefe aboade:  
While faithlesse friends make hellish fiends,  
God send all Iudasses such ends.

A King that on a time ordain'd,  
A punishment for euery vice:  
Was asked, why hee did refraine?  
On this to set downe his deuice:  
It is quod hee, beeyond my wit,  
I leaue to God to punish it.

As who should say, the sinne were such,  
As did all other so exceede:  
That were the torment nere so much,  
It were no more then it did neede:  
That all the world might warning winne,  
To flie the thought of such a sinne.

Oh

## *An Enemie*

Oh, how much worse then any Beast,  
It makes the shape of Man to proue:  
For shape is most, and Man is least,  
That so doth swarue from Natures loue:  
And in the hate of honours Nature,  
Becomes the worst of any creature.

Fie, fie, vpon Ingratitude,  
The Sinne of Sinnes that euer was:  
That doth the soule to much delude,  
And brings the world to such a passe:  
That lack of loues Gratuitie,  
Hath almost worne out Charitie.

Of Wormes, the Viper is the worst,  
That eates the Bowells that did breed him:  
Of Birds, the Cuckoe most accurst,  
That kils the Sparrow that did feed him:  
And is not Man more halfe a Diuell?  
That so requiteth good with Euill?

A poore Man going to a wood,  
Within the Snow an Adder found:  
When, wishing how to doe it good,  
Did take it vp, from off the ground:  
And fearing of no future harme,  
Did in his bosome keepe it warme.

But



*to Ingratitude.*

But comming home vnto the fire,  
No sooner hee had loosde his Coate:  
But, to requite his kinde desire,  
The Adder bit him by the throate:  
Now whereto doth this tale alude?  
But onely to Ingratitude:

There was a Lyon as I reade,  
Who had a Thorne got in his foote:  
Which in his trauaile sore did bleede,  
While to his hart the payne did shoote:  
With which, vnto his Denne hee came,  
And fell to licking of the same.

When, as hee stooode hee spied a Man,  
VWho had beene thether fled for feare:  
And in his hart, with grieve beegan,  
To mourne his haplesse beeing there:  
Yet, seeing how the Lyon stonde,  
Aduentured to doe him good.

And feeling softly where it stucke,  
So cunningly did beate about:  
As with his mouth first fell to sucke,  
Then, with his Teeth, did get it out:  
And after did such help apply,  
That hee was eased by and by.

B.

VWhen

## *An Enemie*

And when the Lyon felt such ease,  
Hee reacht him out a Princely Pawe:  
As who should say to such as please,  
I carry comfort in my Clawe:  
And to requite his kindnesse then,  
Hee led him forth out of his Den.

And brought him through a wildernesse,  
Into a high way, neere a towne:  
When in a Princely gentlenesse,  
Before his face, hee sat him downe:  
And with his Pawe as Poets tell,  
Did giue a Kingly kinde farewell.

Now shortly after it befell,  
This Lyon was by hunters caught:  
And as the story seemes to tell,  
Vnto an Emperour was brought:  
And with great Ioy and Iolitie,  
Presented to his Maiestie,

VVhich Lyon kept, as others are,  
That so are caught, and so are brought:  
To feede vpon such hungry fare,  
As, tamnesse had his stomacke taught:  
Did liue such Trayterous harts to teare:  
As to such death condemned were,

VVhere

*to Ingratitude.*

Where Long this Lyon had not beene,  
But that the Man that heal'd his wound:  
Whose Eie had neuer Treason scene,  
Nor Spirit such a thought had found:  
Iniuriously was apprehended,  
And vnto such a death condempned.

Who beeing brought vnto the Den,  
Whereas the Lyon fiercely stood:  
To teare in peeces, those ill men,  
That fed him with their poisoned blood:  
Before his face did kindlie stand,  
And pawde and lickt him on the hand.

The lookers on amaz'd to see,  
The Lyon thus the Man entreate:  
Did wonder what the cause should bee,  
His loue to him should bee so great:  
And to the Emperour did tell,  
What all before their Eies becfell.

Who comming thether to behold,  
The truth of that hee thus had heard:  
And seeing still the prisoner hold,  
His place with him: a great reward  
Did promise him, the cause to show,  
That made the Lyon vse him so.

B.ij:

VWhen

## *An Enemie*

When, of the Lyon, taking leaue,  
VVith kissing of his Kingly foote:  
To make his Maiestie conceiue,  
The truth of all euen from the roote:  
Hee ript vp all that hee had done,  
VVhereby this Lyons loue beegunne.

The Emperour well pleas'd to heare,  
How euery point and part did grow:  
Before his presence made appeere,  
The wretches that had wrong'd him so:  
And threw them in his wrathfull power,  
Vnto the Lyon to deuower.

VVho spared none but slew them all,  
The Man was Royally rewarded:  
The Note to this effect did fall,  
That thanckfulnesse was much regarded:  
The Lyon still remain'd his friend,  
And so the story made an end.

Oh Lord that euer Man should liue,  
In hate of loues forgetfulnesse:  
And that a Lions loue should giue,  
Such notes of Noble thanckfulnesse:  
VVhich all in one doe but conclude,  
The Princely grace of Gratitude.

Then

*to Ingratitude.*

Then, shew no Vipers venom vile,  
To gnaw the bowells, that did breed thee:  
Nor Cucko like, doe loue beguile,  
To kill the Sparrow that did feede thee:  
But Lionlike doe thanckfull proue,  
To him that hath deseru'd thy loue.

Remember what thou hast Receu'd,  
Of vvhom, why, how, and what, and vvhether:  
And, let it bee, as well perceu'd,  
Thou doste retourne thy kindenesse there:  
That perfect thanckfulnesse may proue,  
The Nature of the Lions loue.

If that thou finde thy Mistresse kinde,  
Dilhonour not hir qualitie:  
If that a noble friend thou finde,  
Skoffe not his liberalitie:  
If meane men buie thy companie,  
Requit them not vvith villanie.

If that thy Father doe commend thee,  
Bee thou not bad to shew his blindnesse:  
And if thy friend a saddell lend thee,  
Steale not his Horffe to quite his kindnesse:  
But chiefly doe not seeke his blood,  
Whose loue hath liu'd to doe thee good.

## *An Enemie*

Forget not God, that gaue thee life,  
Defame not him that is thy friend:  
Bee not vnfaithfull to thy wife,  
And hold on honest to the end:  
For when the Knaues bee all discarded,  
A poore small tromp may be regarded.

Doe not with Connies vndermine,  
The Castle where thy Captaine liues:  
Nor Counterfet with a Diuine,  
To cheate the Charitie hee giues:  
Least when the world doth see thy shame,  
Both God and Man doe hate thy name.

Leaue not a Man to seeke a beast,  
A Monster is nor flesh, nor fish,  
And where thou hast receu'd a feast,  
Returne not home a poisoned dish:  
Least they that finde thy hellish Nature,  
Doe hold thee for a hatefull Creature,

In summe, for all let this suffice,  
To warne thee from Ingratitude:  
Beelhold it with your inward Eies,  
And let it not your soule delude:  
For Truth doth write that Time may reede,  
It is a graft of Gracelesse seede.

Which

*to Ingratitude.*

Which growes but in a wicked ground,  
And beares no fruit but Infamie:  
And many times is blasted round,  
With Hellish breath of Blasphemie:  
Yet with ill humours moystned so,  
As makes it wickedlie to grow.

But from this wicked Hellish thing,  
That so infects the minde of Man:  
And with a most infernall sting,  
The wofull state of Life beegan:  
And doth abuse good Creatures thus,  
Good Lord of such deliuer vs.

*FINIS.*



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